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THE PICTURE THAT I SAW

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BY

Rachel Emma,
MRS. IVOR HUGHES

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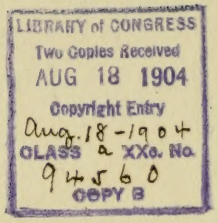
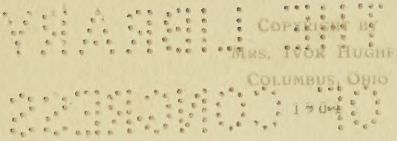
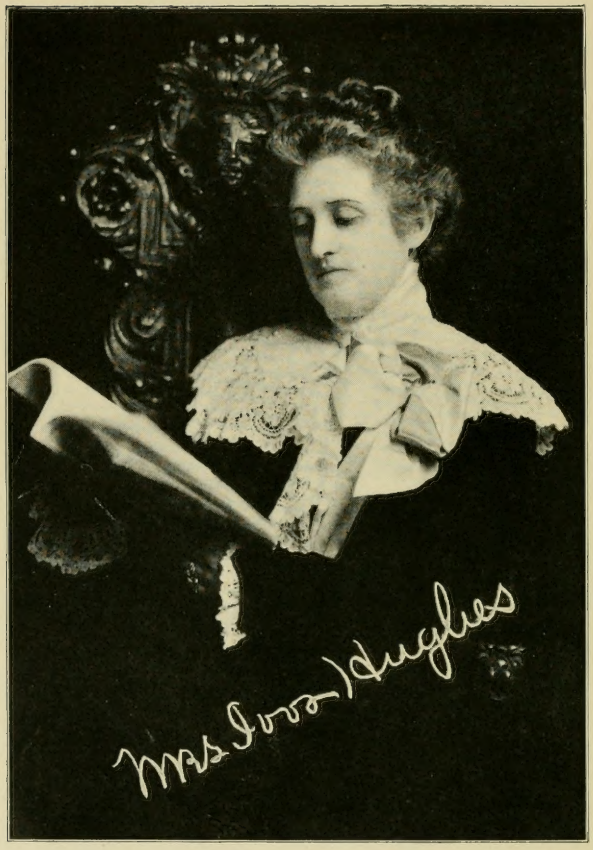





Mrs Ivor Douglas

To

Mrs. McKinley

Beloved companion

of our

Martyred President

from a heart overflowing with a sweet and sacred sentiment

this little poem is dedicated

by the Author

There's a regular little army
Dressed in blue and grey
Encamped in dear old Canton
Not many miles away.

They are ready for their mission
Wherever it may be
In dear old America
Or far across the sea.

They tell their own sweet story
As you see them side by side
Having won for their leader
Honor, Love, and Pride

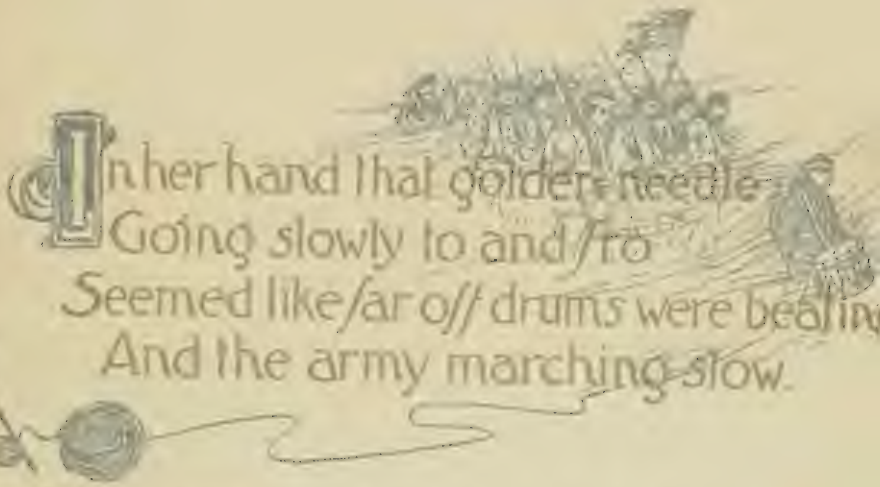
The leader (a sweet frail woman)
Loved by all who know
The story of the conflict
The fatal cruel blow

This army is a strange one
And not of men composed
But dainty knitted slippers
Standing side by side in rows,

Every one seemed bruised and bleeding
In the picture that I saw
(For she kept this little army
Those off duty, in a drawer.)

When this frail little woman
With crushed and bleeding heart
Told the tale of the slippers
I felt the tear drops start;

And oh! how my heart ached
For the one who suffered so
But kept on knitting slippers
In a measure to quench her woe.



In her hand that golden needle
Going slowly to and fro
Seemed like far off drums were beating
And the army marching slow.

This sick and weary soldier
Like the sailor in the storm
Keeps up by prayer and trusting
There will be a brighter morn.

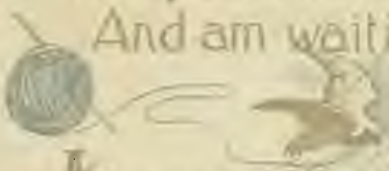
Then again the bark seems sinking
With the pitiless merciless roar
Of the waves that are passing over
Sending lifeless remains to the shore

His image is before her
When the storm is at its worst
Then his loving spirit soothes her
Saying "Ida, you must trust"

I've only loosed the hand clasp
To go a little way
Your "precious" will receive you
With open arms some day

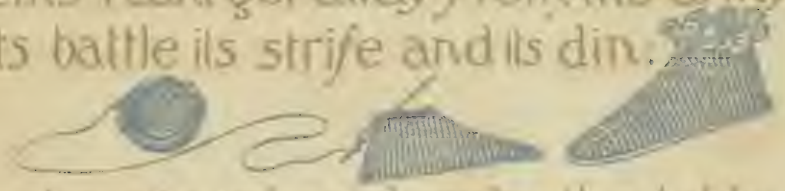
So be a brave little soldier
As you were when I was here
I'm always watching over
So never have a fear.

"Twas God who called me, dear one,
His will, not ours, be done.
I only answered the summons
And am waiting for you to come."



If a screen of love could be woven
To shut out this sad bitter scene
How sweet would be the mission
To do such a beautiful thing.

But again we must take up the slippers.
The threads are not all woven in.
Seems I can't get away from this army.
Its battle its strife and its din.



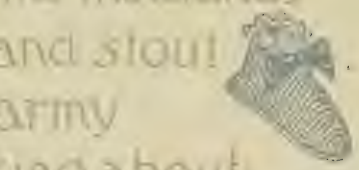
So she sits in her chair by the table,
This little woman in black.
Taking stitch after stitch
And over the past looking back.

How sweet of her in her sadness,
Sitting there all alone,
Fashioning the slippers,
For the many who sigh and moan.

Even the tiniest tots are fitted out
With numbers one and two,
And run in and out with ribbons,
Of the daintiest kind of a blue.

But the tears and the sighs interwoven
In the slippers of blue and grey
Only cause you to be remembered
In the tenderest kind of a way.

She has knitted them by the thousands
These slippers warm and stout
Which formed this little army
That I have been talking about.



They should be called the sacred slippers
For that name is none too sweet
Think of wearing heart-aches
With ease upon the feet.

So of all we have heard of the blue and the gre
There's been one little story untold
But I think its due Mrs. Mc. Kinley
To be known all over the world.

And the weaver of the slippers
To be known in history
Will one day find all finished
And she from pain set free.

"'Tis better to have loved and lost;
Than never to have loved at all!"

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